With Respect to Water
Brett Foster

I like to watch it pouring rain
from under the carwash awning's
relative security. It's the aura
of control that I wish to retain.

Yet sometimes when my spouse
of many years and I take a stroll amid
our neighborhood's yards and houses,
either our stubbornness or routine

makes surprising the sprinkler
dampening the sidewalk before us.
Then I try my best to think
well of this little momentousness,

attempt to resist the judgment
that renders it a rudeness, seek
to cast out the flinching of the weak,
or the hard hearted's clever silence.

I choose instead to feel those drops
as a spritz of pianissimo,
and hope that they may go
to an inner skin, still tender to elements.
I feel again the boy’s little shoes
that once followed his diving
body into the family pool,
back in the days when living
was no cause for accomplishment.
I feel again the absorbent,
heavy powers of those sneakers.
Neither made nor meant

for that submersion, they regressed—
the wetness ruined the lining.
Now I see how little the day yielded.
But what was lost was even less.